

TRAINING HALVES OR TRAINING DOLLARS NO NAME FOR CAMP, HENCE TWO-BIT ADMISSION FEE

NATIVES OF TOLEDO RATE PECORD HIGHER THAN MARSHAL FOCH

This Belief Is Permissible Because Ohioans Have Never Seen the French Celebrity, but There's No Denying "Ollie" Has Regular Referee's Record

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

Toledo, O., June 28. WELL, it's all settled. A guy named Oliver Thomas Pecord has been appointed referee of the most important thing that has happened in these parts since Commodore Perry, or whoever it was, fought that battle with the British on the fresh waters of Lake Erie.

Anyway, the referee will be on the job, and if he sprains his ankle or twists his wrist so he cannot count ten Jack Skelly, the sage of Youkers, N. Y., will take his place.

But Ollie Pecord—we all call him Ollie now—is a pretty capable person when it comes to refereeing. He has been in the game for twenty-four years and the natives out here believe he is a bigger man than Marshal Foch.

Ollie broke into the boxing game when a referee was as safe as a gnat smoking a cigarette in a dynamite factory.

BEFORE stepping into the ring a friend gave him two loaded rollers, which he wore in his hip pockets, and as he took off his coat no one could see them except the audience and the fighters.

Jack Curley Pro-Willard, Con-Willard IF YOU want to pick a winner of this big brawl, keep away from Toledo. The experts change their minds every five minutes, and after listening to their chatter the only thing you will bet on is that the fuss will be pulled on July Fourth.

Jack Curley blew into town yesterday and draped himself around a pillar in the lobby of the Secor. He had some positive ideas about the winner of the championship fight and did not hesitate to express them—when a crowd gathered. Jack hates to talk to himself.

"I am here," said Curley, "to bet every kopeck in the well-upholstered bankroll on that young gentleman named Dempsey. I know he is going to win, and there isn't a guy in the world who can beat me off the bet. I am one of Willard's ex-managers, know all about the big bum and I want to say that Dempsey will knock him stiff. That eloquent tramp hasn't a chance in the world, and I should know it because I am his ex-manager."

Just then a strange silence fell over the crowd. Looking over his shoulder, Curley spied the huge bulk of Willard easing through the revolving doors. They saw each other instantly, those enemies who had sworn to knock each other's blocks off the first time they met. The scribbles and news hounds waited expectantly for hostilities to commence and a big story was in the makings.

"Howdy, Jess?" he said. "Looking fine. Glad to see you." "Hello, Jack," replied the champion. "Glad to see you," thus carrying out the line of bunk, for every one knew the champ and his ex-manager were indulging in lokum.

Then they parted and Curley came back to the audience. "Everything I said is off," he remarked. "Willard looks better than at any time in his career, and I should know because I am his ex-manager. He is bigger and stronger and I don't see how any one can beat him. I can't see Dempsey now. He has no chance with the champion."

WILLARD started for the door and Curley followed him. "I'M GOING out to raise two bits and pay it to see you work today," he said. "You certainly have surprised me, and I am your ex-manager."

No One Knew the Writer Was Coming THE afternoon workout was approaching and the writer went out to Willard's camp. It was the first visit the writer has made to the camp this week and nobody knew he was coming. Furthermore, nobody cared. A polite brakeman or blacksmith was guarding the gate and picking his teeth with a tent stake. He demanded who we were and why, but no trouble occurred. We explained satisfactorily and escaped, thus being in condition to write something today.

Jess worked out for us in private, there being only 5000 others in the training quarters. If they ever raised the price the name would be all wet. Training halves or training dollars is no name for a camp. Willard put on his act with his unfortunate trainers and made them wish they had stayed in the army or taken an easy job moving pianos.

He pummeled Jack Hemple, Steamboat Bill Scott, Joe Chip and Walter Monaghan until the whistle blew and the boys were glad it was all over. During the workout we noticed the difference between a champion and a trainer. The champion always has his face wiped off between the rounds and somebody always asks him how he feels. The trainer can jump in the lake and no one will stop him.

Jess looked better than the last time we saw him, although his workout was terrible. He just kidded the cash counters along and breezed through the practice like an actor at morning rehearsal. However, his arms looked stronger, there were undulating muscles which have fought their way to the surface through rolls of fat and the champion had every appearance of a man who is in good physical shape.

HIS boxing still is of the bush league variety, but he is not letting himself out. We shall see what we shall see in the next week.

Curley Ends Day a Dempsey Rooter DEMPSEY, looking a trifle drawn, stepped through three rounds with the Jamaica Kid and Jack Malone, the Kid getting the extra session. Jack was not the tearing panther we expected to see, although he socked the Jamaica Kid on the whiskers with a short right in the third and had him ready to do the high dive when Jimmy De Forrest called it a day. Jack is getting too fine and will find it hard to keep in shape.

After the workout we saw Jack Curley. "How do you like it?" we asked. "Great!" was the reply. "I was for Dempsey when I came here and now go. Dempsey will be the next champion and I will bet real money on it."

THE winners in the Willard-Dempsey fight are: 1. Tex Rickard. 2. Toledo. 3. The hotels.

Stop! Have You Left Anything? TEX will get about a million washers, the city will get all that Tex overlooks and the hotels will take the remainder.

Another for Backarach Atlanta, Ga., June 28.—The Backarach Giants won from the Pennsylvania City team yesterday 4 to 2 in the second and third innings turned.

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST-REGULATED GOLF CLUBS



COBB TRAILS WHEN PECKINPAUGH LEADS; THREE PHILLIES STILL IN .300 DIVISION

Yankee Infielder Gains Forty-one Points and Leads With .395 Average

3 TIGERS IN SELECT Club Batting Averages in American League

Table with columns for Club, G, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists batting averages for Cleveland, Detroit, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, Athletics, Boston.

ROGER PECKINPAUGH, the New York Yankee star, who learned baseball under Larry Lajoie while acting in the role of hot boy for the Clevelanders, now is showing the way to the American League batsmen.

DETROIT has the hitting but not the winning combination. The three Tiger regular outfielders are over the .300 mark. Cobb and Veach are tied for second place with .358, while Flagstead is sixth with his .343 rating.

THE averages, including the games played Wednesday, follow: INDIVIDUAL BATTING

Table with columns for Player, Club, G, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists individual batting averages for various players like Peckinpaugh, Cobb, Veach, etc.

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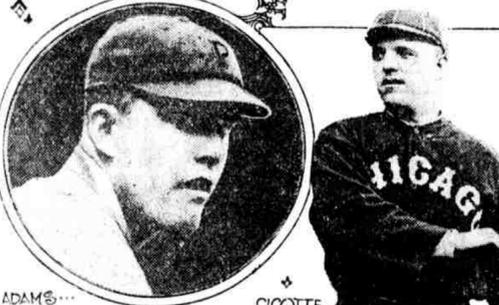
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VETERANS LEAD HURLERS



Adams with twelve victories, tops the American League pitchers, and Adams heads the National League twirlers with eight wins

Shawkey Now Second to Cicotte in Games Won With Eleven Wins

Table with columns for Pitcher, Club, W, L, P.C. last last. Lists pitching records for Adams, Cicotte, Shawkey, etc.

Babe Adams Moves Ahead of Barnes and Causey in National League Pitching

Table with columns for Pitcher, Club, W, L, P.C. last last. Lists pitching records for Adams, Barnes, Causey, etc.

Cravath Still Tops League With .408 Rating—Williams and Meusel in Select

JIM THORPE NEAR TOP Club Batting Averages in National League

Table with columns for Club, G, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists batting averages for Cravath, Williams, Meusel, etc.

THERE'S no stopping that desperate slugger Gavy Cravath, of Broad and Huntingdon streets. The heroic wielder of the bludgeon loses a few points each week, but this small falling off has not been marked enough to see him drop below the .400 mark.

THE averages, including the games played Wednesday, follow: INDIVIDUAL BATTING

Table with columns for Player, Club, G, AB, R, H, SR, PC. Lists individual batting averages for Cravath, Williams, Meusel, etc.

JOHNSON and Kid Without Draw Baltimore, June 28.—Although Jack (Kid) Wolfe, the Cleveland bantam, outboxed Paty Johnson of Syracuse here tonight in their afternoon bout, referee Pop O'Brien called the set-to a draw.

DOUBLE-HEADER SHIBBE PARK ATHLETIC CLUB vs. WASHINGTON Two games for one ticket. First starts 1:30 P. M. Seats 50c. See 8-16, Globe or Sun for details.

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PITCHING HEROES OF MORE THAN 10 YEARS AGO STILL IN FRONT

Cicotte, Ames, Sallee, Adams and Benton Combined Have Won 37 Games Out of 48 Starts, Which Proves That Age Is Being Served

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—By GRANTLAND RICE Copyright, 1919. All rights reserved.

THERE'S old Red Ames— He was throwing a baseball around in big league battles over fifteen years ago. And there's old Boy Sickety, of Chicago— He was also tossing the sphere, as they say, fourteen years ago.

AND out of the forty-eight they had won thirty-seven and lost eleven for an average above .750. Not to Forget— THEN to slip along, there's Old Wooden Shoes— Cactus Cravath. Seventeen years ago he was leaning stolidly up against the pill.

BUT these four have been leading, among them, two leagues with a gay and giddy youth trying in vain to maintain the pace and stay somewhere in reach. THE Double Effect AS WE understood it, some time ago Babe Ruth would never be able to maintain a select position in baseball society if he attempted to pitch and play the outfield in a double occupation.

THE eminent Babe apparently has no intimate regard for what ought to happen when you defy the dope.

HERE and THERE CLEVELAND and Chicago, in the American League, have been hitting the ball harder than any other clubs. In the National League, New York and Cincinnati have maintained the leading offensive roles.

THIS leads up to the old argument: Is it better to have hitters who can hit other pitchers, or pitchers who can stop other hitters? THE Lawn Tennis Jubilee NORRIS WILLIAMS—Bill Johnston—Lindley Murray—Vincent Richards—Tilden—Church—Voshell—Throckmorton—Griffin—Kumagae—and possibly McLoughlin.

NO WONDER the Willard-Dempsey conflict is luring the populace out. There were only 430 pounds of human flesh in the ring when Johnson met Jeffries, whereas this second Rickard affair will present at least 445 pounds to the public gaze.

OBSERVE how the game has advanced—when Corbett met Fitz at Carson City more than twenty years ago there were only 345 pounds tossed into the inclosure.

Observations A two-foot putt can make a man Cuss louder than a train wreck can. And even a dubbed wash can Can make one rave an awful lot.

CITY SPORTS JULY 4 Many Events Arranged for Track Athletes at Belmont City Councils have again made an appropriation for track and field sports on July 4. These games will take place on Belmont plateau at 10 a. m., under the direction of the Middle Atlantic Association of the Amateur Athletic Union.

EMPIRE ATHLETIC CLUB 107th Street, Near Broad BOY'S NIGHT, JUNE 30 PATSY WALLACE vs. DUMBY LENNY MICKY BRIT vs. MIKE CONNER Three Other Good Bouts

PHILA. JACK O'BRIEN'S \$15 SPECIAL SUMMER COURSE S. E. Cor. 12th and Chestnut Read yellow page 231—Phone book

POLO PHILADELPHIA COUNTRY CLUB TODAY AT 4 O'CLOCK Philadelphia Country Club vs. Bryn Mawr at Balu

Contentment In Every Puff FLOR DE MANUEL Super Quality 10c and up ALLEN R. GRESSMAN'S SONS PHILADELPHIA